

"Them Was the Happy Days!"

By Clare Victor Diggins

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).



"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue? There Is a Lot of Luck Left.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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Drawback about a "Soft Snap" is that it Keeps you Standing Still!

Life is just one Panned Thing After Another!

Success doesn't Know Much About the Sista!

The So-Called "Necessary Lie" always has a Selfish Motive!

Better an In-and-Out than an Always Also-Ran!

The Elastic Conscience has some Hapting Snap Backs!

You can't Hold a Habit Down by Choking on the Reins!

Time to Show 'Em is BEFORE 'Em Benched!

The Long Shot Player sometimes gets a Break, but Oftener he Wears the Ring!

You can Aim High without Shooting at the Moon!

Some of us Pass so Many Pots that the Kitty Eats us Alive!

The Man in a Rut has a Foolish Dread of Getaway Day!

The Promise that's merely a Promissory doesn't Stick!

Perhaps we'd Take More Frequent Inventories of ourselves if we weren't Afraid of Finding so Much Damaged Stock!

Resting on our Oars doesn't get us Very Far, but it's Better than Rocking the Boat!

Several times, after Reaching the Jumping-Off Place, we've Refused to Make the Dive because there wasn't any Springboard!

Whenever we read of a Belated Repentance or a Last Minute Repentance, we think of the Skipper who Tried to Make Stipulations with Davy Jones when the Ship was Sinking!

The Knocker's Version: "It's Never Too Late to Rend!"

We can Decide upon our Destination even if we can't Pick our Path!

All the Members of the Cirrhosis-of-the-Liver Club with whom we are acquainted Exude the Wheeze that they "Can Take a Drink or Let It Alone!"

We rarely see "The Good Fellow When he Had It" at the Conclave of the Come-Backs!

When you're Different "They Say" that you've got Flitter-Mice in your Campanile—but let 'em!

"Getting a Run for your Money" is a Sounding Little Phrase, but it Always Means that You Lose!

The Boss says that the Man who Doesn't Worry about his Average isn't Delivering the Goods!

Better to be a Mutineer than a Manger!

Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

The Vacation Love Affair.

A MAN meets a girl in an office, or in her home or at some social function. They are both more or less their real selves. A few short meetings will give each a certain line on the other's character. As long as both understand this, no great harm is done. But when either the man or the girl takes at its face value the infatuation bred of such idle hours there is apt to be heartache for some one. Back come the vacationists to town. Each sees the other in the humdrum, every day, subway-and-elevated, crowded street life. Each seems to the other different. The glamour fades, as fate it must. If you must play the vacation love game play it with open eyes and make sure that your opponent is doing the same. Fair play is as possible in love as in tennis. Heartaches are pretty in poetry. In real life they are cruel to have and far crueler to give.

Her Mother's Wisdom.

A GIRL, signing herself "White Lake" writes: "My mother insists on chaperoning me on my vacation. She also says I cannot remain out rowing or walking with any man in the evening later than 10 o'clock. I think she is old-fashioned and silly, but I will abide by your advice."

Your mother is wise, and you are lucky to have her counsel to guide you. If more mothers were as "old-fashioned and silly" as she, there would be fewer unhappy love affairs.

A Kissless Swain.

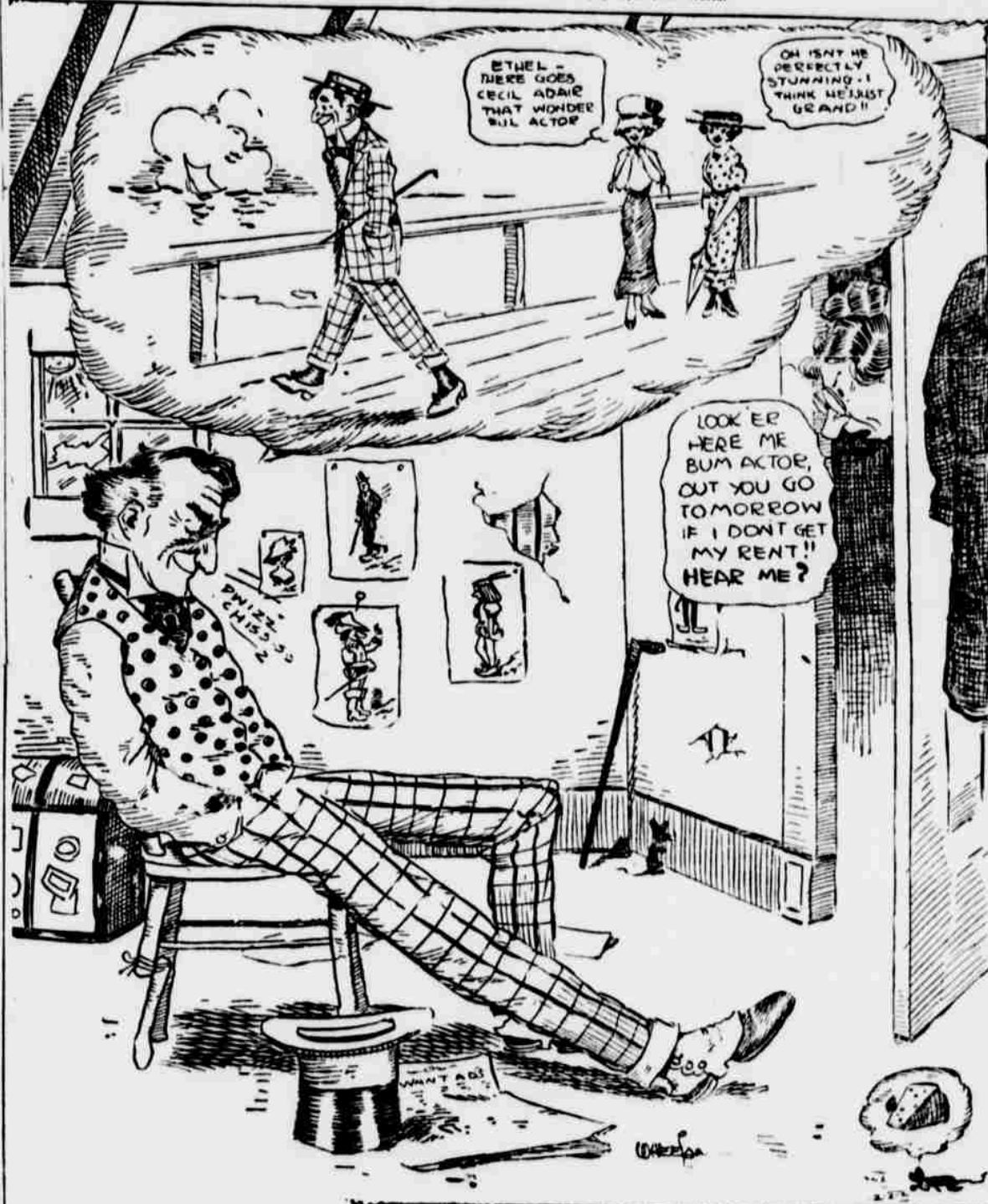
A MAN who signs himself "A. L." writes: "There are several men I know who boast of the number of girls who let them kiss them. When I am asked if the girls of my acquaintance let me kiss them I have to say no. I tried one girl on the way home from a dance, but she slapped my face. I am discouraged. What do you advise?"

Bear a few facts in mind for your comfort: The man who boasts of the girls he has kissed is beneath contempt. No self-respecting girl would allow any man, unless she is engaged to marry him, to kiss her. The sort of girl who will allow any and every man to kiss

Summer Dreams

By Wheelan

The New York World



The Moving Finger

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Bertrand Saton has been infatuated in earlier days by a girl, a girl named Lois Champe, who is now a famous actress. He is now a detective, and he is looking for her. He is now a detective, and he is looking for her. He is now a detective, and he is looking for her.

CHAPTER XIX.

Trouble Brewing.

SATON turned out of Bond street, and climbed the stairs of a little tea shop with the depressed feeling of a man who is expiating an offense which he bitterly regrets. Violet was waiting for him at one of the tables shut off from the main room by a sort of Japanese matting hanging from the ceiling. He resigned his stick and hat with a sigh to one of the trim waitresses and sat down opposite her. "My dear Violet," he said, "this is an unexpected pleasure. I thought that Wednesday was quite one of your busiest days."

sure, was a detective. He didn't get into the change out of me," he added in a self-satisfied tone, "but there's some one out there who's got to be kept in the loop. You remember the trouble down in the Marybelle Road when you?"

"Don't," he interrupted. "I hate to think of that time."

"Well, I tell you I believe there is something of the sort brewing again," the woman said, "it'll tell you more about it later on."

The waitress brought their tea, which Violet carefully prepared.

"Two pieces of sugar," she said, "and no cream. You see I haven't forgotten, although it is not often we have tea together now, Bertrand. You are becoming too fashionable, I suppose," she added with a little frown.

"You know it isn't that," he answered hastily. "It's my work, nothing but my work. Go on with what you were telling me, Violet."

"You needn't look so scared," she said, glancing round to be sure that they were not overheard. "The only thing is that Madame must be told at once, and we shall all have to be careful for a little time. I shut up shop for the day as soon as I tumbled to the thing."

"I wonder if this is Rochester's doing," he muttered.

"The husband of the lady?" Violet inquired.

Saton nodded.

"He is my enemy," he said. "Nothing would make him happier than to have the power to strike a blow like this, and to identify us with the place in any way."

"I don't see how they could do that," she said meditatively. "I should be the poor sufferer, I suppose, and you may be sure I shouldn't be like the other girl, who gave you away. You are not afraid of that, are you, Bertrand? Things are different between us. We are engaged to be married. You do not forget that, Bertrand."

"Of course I do not," he answered.

"Well," she said, "we won't talk about the past. You are safe so far as I am concerned for the present, at any rate."

But Madame must know, and your friends in change out of me," he added in a self-satisfied tone, "but there's some one out there who's got to be kept in the loop. You remember the trouble down in the Marybelle Road when you?"

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Greatest Summer Novel of the Year

By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Nothing! Don't refuse me. There are limits to my patience as there are limits to my generosity and my affection. If you refuse it can be but for one reason, and that reason you will not dare to tell me. Do you refuse? Answer me now. I will have no more evasions."

"She would not marry me," he said. "I have not seen her for days."

"Where is she?" Rachael demanded.

"In the country, at Beauleys," he answered. "The Rochester have all left town yesterday or to-day, and she went with them."

"Then into the country we go," she declared. "It is an opportune time, too. We shall be out of the way if trouble comes from these interfering people. I do not ask you again, Bertrand, whether you will or will not marry this girl. For the first time I exercise my rights over you. I demand that you marry her. Be as faithless as you like. You are as faithless as a man can be, and as shallow. Make love to her for a year, and leave her as these Englishmen treat their housekeepers, if you will. But marry her! You must marry that foolish girl Lois Champe."

"What do you know about her?" he asked, looking up startled.

"I have made inquiries," Rachael answered. "It is the usual thing in the country. I know of her. She will be of age in a short time, and she will have one or two mysterious visitors today and tomorrow. One of them she feels sure was a detective."

"Huntley has just telephoned up," Rachael said calmly. "Something of the same sort of thing happened at the office in the Charing Cross Road. Huntley acted like a man of sense. He closed it up at once, destroyed all papers, and sent Dorrington over to Paris by the morning train."

Saton sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"Rachael," he said, "this must stop. I cannot bear the anxiety of it. It is terrible to feel to-day that one is stretching out toward the great things, and tomorrow that one is finding the money to live by fooling people, by

charlatanism, by robbery. Think if we were ever connected with these things. If even a suspicion of it got about! Think how narrow our escape was before! Remember that I have even stood in the prison yard, and I shall be only through your cleverness and an accident. It might happen again, Rachael!"

"It shall not," she answered. "I would save myself first. It is well for you to talk, Bertrand, but you and I are neither of us fond of simple things. We must live. We must have money."

"We live extravagantly," he said.

"All my life I have lived extravagantly," she answered. "Why should I change now? I have but a few years to live. I cannot hear small rooms, or cheap servants, or bad cooking."

"We have some money left," he said. "Come with me into the country. We can live there for very little. Soon my book will be ready. Then the lectures will begin. There will be money enough when people begin to understand."

"No," she said. "There is only one way. I have spoken of it to you before. You must marry that foolish girl Lois Champe."

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What Do Girls Read?

Catnass of Women Wage Earners' Literary Tastes Shows Interesting Phases of Feminine Nature ::

"I Enjoy Nature Stories," Says SUE WINEBRAKE (Saleswoman).

THINK I like almost any name, well-written book. I don't care for the silly, gushy love stories, but a love interest is pleasant if it is properly handled.



(MISS WINEBRAKE, 101)

Then I read historical novels extremely interesting, for they usually combine a capital story with useful information.

Perhaps if I have a favorite style of fiction it is the nature stories.

Jack London's "Call of the Wild" appealed to me tremendously. The fierce, fine struggles of that great dog, his unswerving loyalty to his master—a loyalty that remained faithful even after death—were in refreshing contrast to the conventional best-seller beauties and platitudes.

Jack London's English was simple and nervous in that tale, quite without the earmarks of exaggeration which sometimes score his more ambitious efforts.

The nature stories of Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter are also very delightful.

Possibly it is because I have to work in the big hot city that I am stirred by these tales of cool forests and the dwellers therein.

Sometimes I have fancied that I sniffed the piny woods wind as I read of it.

I like to read all about the animals, too, and I am very fond of Ernest Thompson Seton's books. Perhaps the scientists are right when they assert that some of these writers err in the exact details they narrate so convincingly, but I'm not a scientist, and I don't care.

I want the atmosphere of outdoors. I want to feel as if I had taken a wonderful country walk and watched rabbits and crows and red foxes.

I can't take such a walk, literally, so I like to make the excursions by way of the bookshelf.

The only trouble with nature stories is that so many of them end unhappily, and I do want a pleasant ending for the books I read.

It makes a good taste in one's mouth and makes one turn back hopefully to living.

Green-Room Glntings

THE politician is for log-rolling, the actor for melodrama.

SOME actors must be great if it is true that it requires great cleverness to conceal one's ability.

THE sound actor makes the least noise.

IS a mighty lucky thing for some of the old actors, great realized and laurel-crowned, that they are beyond the reach of some of our politicians of the drama, who would be pretty sure to club their heads off could they get at them.

IN the theatre as with friends: Dullness is never excused; brilliancy is never forgiven.

WHEN a manager pushes an actor into a high wind of commendation he need not be surprised if he blows away.